

PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

A GIRL'S FEAT.

Nellie Bly Starts Out on a Wondrous
Flying Trip Around the Globe.

Thirty Thousand Miles Through
Many Countries and Back to
New York.

To Surpass Jules Verne's Dream of
Rapid Transit Round the Earth.

"The World's" Woman Writer Em-
barks on the Augusta Victoria.

It's Her Own Adventure and She Is
Plucky and Confident.

"I never went in my life, but I came very near
having a good cry when I bade my mother good-
bye," said Miss Nellie Bly to an EVENING WORLD
reporter, as she stood on the hurricane deck of
the Hamburg steamship Victoria Augusta this
morning.

Miss Bly sailed away from New York this
morning, bound for New York.

She will put a circle round the earth, and will
visit all climates and peoples ere she returns.

She will give thanks at Iemalia and spend
Christmas at Hong Kong.

The new year will dawn upon her at Yoko-
hama, in the land of the Mikado, and on Jan. 12
her great brown eyes will look again upon
her native land and she will enter Columbia's
city by the Golden Gate.

A five-day's ride across this broad continent,
and the spirited, plucky and adventurous little
Bly will touch the soil of this metropolis, after a
complete journey around the globe.

THE EVENING WORLD reporter who bade Miss
Bly good-bye this morning is only a man, and as
he moved the slight, willowy, girlish figure of
the little circumnavigator clad in a close-fitting
travelling gown of dark blue camel's hair
plaid with a soft golden stripe, with here and
there a tawny thread of red, and a dark blue
waist with puffed sleeves, it fairly took his
breath away.

He scanned the wide-eyed, girlish face, and
found it full of smiles and with just the faintest
business-like hint of the smooth, low brow.

The head of black hair, doubled on the neck
and tied with a bit of ribbon, and one of those
round little tourists' caps in fawn-colored
check, with useless ear-laps tied over the crown,
completed the picture.

"Can I be of any service to you, Miss Bly?"
suggested the reporter, adding: "To get your
luggage aboard?"

"Oh, my 'luggage' is aboard, thank you.
I brought it on myself. It is down in my state-
room now."

MISS BLY MAKES HER WILL.
"Oh! that reminds me. I want you to
witness my will. I don't expect anything to
happen, but then if something should happen,
you know."

The reporter, H. C. Jarrett and another gen-
tleman followed the frail traveller down to the
stateroom in solemn procession.

Nowhere it seemed the thing to be solemn to
these three men, either of them many years
older than the girlish tetrastix, and at least two
of them old enough to be her father.

"See!" exclaimed the blithe Miss Bly. "I
have the bridal chamber. Isn't it a marvel of
conspicuousness? Why I don't know what a
small person like me can do with so much room.
The bed's a bunk, but I just delight in cramping
myself all up and sleeping in a bunk."

Miss Bly gravely produced an air-tight ink-
well and unwrapped the top. Then she drew
from a pocket in her gown a slip of newspaper,
folded so that the dozen lines comprising her
will were hidden, and these words appeared:

"I am, 'mother,'
Miss Bly signed as she sealed the envelope
containing her will and addressed it to her
mother.

OUTFIT FOR THE GREAT JOURNEY.
"Now, Miss Bly, tell me what you carry for
baggage and what is your outfit," resumed the
reporter, in an endeavor to relieve the oppressive
solemnity the signing of the will had occasioned.

Miss Bly laughed a clear, musical laugh.
JUST ONE LITTLE BAG.
"There it is," she exclaimed in a ludicrous
way, pointing a slim, gloved finger at a little
brown bag of leather in a corner. It was 14
inches long, by 6 by 10 inches.

The three men whistled, and Miss Bly re-
sponded:

herself with a medicine chest, only laughed de-
rively. "Not even a trochee," she replied. "I
was never sick an hour in my life, and I shall
not be sick now."

Her questioner at this moment noticed a
queer bead of gold on Miss Bly's left thumb.
"What is that for?" he asked.

HER FETTER A RING.
There was not a blush nor an expression of
any suspicion that the ring was odd or the idea
whimsical as she replied:

"That is the savage in me. I am just super-
stitious enough to believe in that ring. I wore
it when I applied for employment at THE WORLD
office, and the only three days that it has been
absent from my finger I had bad luck. I would
not remove it for anything. I shall not be sick.
If I am I can get all the nasty medicine I want
from the ship's doctor."

Miss Bly's only jewelry was this thumb ring,
a leather bracelet, with a watch chain attach-
ment; a chain bracelet of gold, and a pair of
crescent loops of gold in her ears.

Assembling again to the hurricane deck the
bright-faced little newspaper woman found there
a dozen friends from the newspaper world, and
there was much shaking hands and good-
bys, but Miss Bly was the latest of all.

HER MOTHER THOUGHT MUST SUFFICE.
"Dear me!" she exclaimed, the white brow
corrugating again. "There are people all
around me, but nobody speaks English. The
purser and the stewardess do, though, and I
spent some weeks in Mexico once for THE
WORLD, and though I could not speak Spanish,
I managed to get along all right. I can speak
no language but my own English, but—ah—
I shall be home again before I'll want to talk at
all."

Capt. Albers was brought forward and intro-
duced to his fairest passenger, and the passen-
gers, standing in groups at a little distance, gazed
in amazement and admiration at the almost
little girl who, of her own motion, was setting
out to beat the wonderful record of Jules
Verne's hero, Phineas Fogg, who went "Around
the World in Eighty Days" in the author's
dream.

SHE'LL ENJOY THE TRIP.
"I've never been out of sight of land," said
Miss Bly. "But I have a quinine and I know
I shall enjoy the trip. I am going to make a
record for THE WORLD for somebody to beat,
if they can."

There was a hush in the hustling, bustling of
the staterooms. The luggage and cargo was all
shipped, and 9.30, the hour for departure, had
arrived. The ship's shrill whistle piped all
landmen ashore.

SAILED AT 9.30.
Miss Bly's dainty little glove of undressed kid
gave the hand of the reporter a hearty squeeze,
and the farewell was said. The three stacks of
the Augusta Victoria emitted puffs of black
smoke, and the great ship steamed majestically
out into the North River and passed down the
bay and out through the Narrows into the ocean.

When it was decided that Miss Bly should make
the trip she was all animated enthusiasm in a
moment, and in another her pretty head was
buried in "rudder" and her girlish face
knotted in thoughtful study of "rudder."

After an hour's study she announced: "I can
start any record. I think I can do it in seventy-
seven days. I can go by the Hamburg steamer to
Southampton, then to London, then on the
India mail to Calais, Paris, Turin, then to Brin-
dis, and from there the steamship to Cathay;
then Iemalia, Aden, Colombo, Ceylon,
Penang and Singapore in India; then Hong
Kong, the British city on the Chinese island,
and then to Yokohama."

She pulled out at Yokohama about New Year's
and sailed for France on Jan. 7, reaching New
York Jan. 27. That is in just seventy-five
days.

Having determined on the trip Miss Nellie was
thoughtful. Then she remarked demurely:
"Now the first thing for me to do is to go home
to my mother and have a good night's sleep."

And that she did. Then next day she began
her preparations. (Tomorrow, the men dress-
maker, bunched her camel's hair gown in a day-
time.)

PROVIDED WITH CHRONOMETERS.
She prepared a watch which notes the hour
for her, and by this she will know when she
is to complete her act travelling time. By her
own little repeater she will know what the time
o'clock by the time in vogue wherever she may
be located, and when she gets home again she
will find that she has beaten New York to the
extent of a day or two, for she will constantly
travel towards the rising sun.

WILL MAKE MANY LANDS.
The little traveller will pass through the fog
and chilly atmosphere of Labrador and New-
foundland and the three-beated canyons of the
Red Sea and Farther India. Miss Bly will pass
among the English, German, French, Spanish,
Arabians, Hindoos, Chinese and Japanese, and
readers of THE WORLD may confidently look for
the elaboration of many notes made in the little
books of the four "newspaper woman."

400 MILES A DAY.
Miss Bly, when her journey is completed,
will have travelled nearly 30,000 miles, or at
the rate of 400 miles a day over land and sea
for every day of her absence from her nook in
the "city room" of THE WORLD.

OTHER CIRCUMNAVIGATORS.
The first circumnavigator of the globe was
Magellan, after whom the Straits of Magellan
were named. He was a Portuguese and set out
on his journey in 1519 with the idea that the
world was a flat surface and that in time he
would reach the edge and find out what was in
the abyss into which a stranger might tumble
if he ventured too near it. The compass was
then unvented, and the ship was steered by
the stars.

Capt. Francis Drake, a bold, bad buccaneer,
out for what he could find, sailed from England
in 1577, passed around Cape Horn and across
the Pacific and back to his native land.

Capt. Cook did it at about the same time, and
his chronicle shows that he was three years on
the cruise. He touched at Terra del Fuego, the
Land of Fire, Tahiti, New Zealand, Van
Diemen's Land, Australia, the Friendly Islands,
where they didn't eat you, but just robbed you
and turned you loose; New Hebrides, New Cale-
donia, which has been for many years the
French penal colony; the Sandwich Islands,
which had not then a King who had learned the
seductive game of draw-poker, and Western
North America.

THE FIRST WOMAN GLOBE-TROTTER.
Since Cook's day the globe-trotters have be-
come an army. The most famous of the Ameri-
can circumnavigators was the late Secretary of
State, William H. Seward, who wrote his
diary in an 800-page tome. Gen. Grant
did it en suite, and Jay Gould and the Vander-
bilts do it now and then, but Nellie Bly is
probably the first of her sex to undertake it alone
and unprotected, and it is no hazard to predict
that her tour of the world for THE WORLD will
become the most famous in the annals of travel.

She carries with her the best wishes of a mil-
lion readers and admirers, and they will heartily
welcome her on her return.

IT'S HER OWN TRIP.
Nov. 14. Leave New York by Augusta Vic-
toria 9.30 A. M.
Nov. 21. Due Southampton. London, by rail
in three hours.
Nov. 22. Leave Victoria Station, London, 8
P. M. on India Mail.
Nov. 23. Calais, Paris and Turin.
Nov. 24. Brindisi at 10.14 P. M.
Nov. 25. Leave Brindisi, steamship Cathay,
2 A. M.
Nov. 27. Iemalia.
Dec. 3. Aden.
Dec. 10. Colombo (Ceylon).
Dec. 16. Penang.
Dec. 18. Singapore.
Dec. 25. Hong Kong.
Dec. 28. Leave Hong Kong for Yokohama,
Japan.
Jan. 7. Leave Yokohama via Pacific Mail
steamship.
Jan. 22. Due San Francisco.
Jan. 27. Due New York.
Nov. 14 to Jan. 27—seventy-five days.

NO MORE AN EDITOR.
John L. Sullivan's Literary Career Comes
to an Abrupt End.

John L. Sullivan is no longer sporting editor
of the Illustrated News.

Manager and Treasurer Germaine has sent
Sullivan a check for \$300, for the balance due
him to date, and hereafter there will be no
business connection between Boston's pet pug-
list and the Illustrated News.

The reason for the severance of business re-
lations between the paper and Sullivan, as stated
by Mr. Germaine this morning, was merely to
cut down expenses.

Sullivan has been drawing a salary of \$50 a
week from the News as sporting editor.

The peerless John is much cleverer with his
fists than with the pen. When his name was
first flouted at the head of the paper as sport-
ing editor, John used to wrestle hard to master
the intricacies of English grammar, and sent to
the News each week a column of bright, brain
scintillating, every-cent-of-a-wording.

Soon, however, the delights of a literary occu-
pation lost their glamour and manuscripts for
the peerless John ceased to come in.

Finally they ceased altogether, and it has
now been many months since Sullivan has
sent anything for the News.

Of course, under these circumstances, the
paper could not go on paying him \$50 every
week.

Mr. Germaine spoke very warmly of Sullivan
this morning, saying he considered that Sulli-
van's literary career was a success.

He considered his services in the ring at Belling-
ham, when John defeated Kilrain, as worth many
times what he has said for the News.

Always he has been a friend to Sullivan and
back him in all his future fights.

For many years he had a very warm spot in
his heart for the big fellow.

In regard to Sullivan's recent challenges, Mr.
Germaine said:

As to Sullivan's fighting ability, I think it is
a certainty that he will fight for Jackson.
The title will be at the Casino Athletic Club.

Domestic Mc Caffrey is out of the question;
he would be no match at all for Sullivan.

GEN. BOURKE'S FUNERAL.
An Immense Throng Honors the Dead
Patriot's Memory.

The funeral of Gen. Thomas Francis Burke,
the former Fenian leader, took place yesterday.
The body was in a black cloth-covered coffin,
with silver mountings, at his late home, No.
200 East Thirty-sixth street. Both the house
and the street without were thronged with
people.

Among those present were many
of the old Fenian leaders, including John
McCarthy, Jeremiah Murphy, Dr.
James H. Stokes, John C. Chambers,
and Thomas J. Ryan.

The most prominent were Commissioner
Taylor, of Boston; Mayor (Jesse) of Long Island
City; Dr. John J. McLaughlin, of New York;
and Henry Murray, Judge-elect James Fitzgibbon,
ex-Commissioner D. L. Smith, Col. John
O'Brien, Capt. John J. McLaughlin, and
James H. Stokes, John C. Chambers, and
Thomas J. Ryan.

The procession, nearly two miles long,
proceeded to St. Gabriel's Church, in Thirty-
sixth street, where a solemn Mass was said
by Rev. Father O'Keefe and McKenna. The
casket was borne to the altar, and the body
was placed in it.

The casket was then carried to the
Calvary Cemetery, where an eloquent eulogy
was delivered by Thos. Clark.

The funeral was a beautiful one, and
sent by the friends of the deceased. Among
them were a shroud, 10 feet high, formed of
ivy leaves, with the initials "T. F. B." in
mortar in the center; a broken column, 7 feet
high, composed of tea and Madeira; and
a wreath of flowers, 10 feet high, with
the initials "T. F. B." in the center.

The pallbearers were Thomas C. Luby, Augustin
E. Kelly, Capt. John J. McLaughlin, Michael
William Minnick and Robert H. Clifford.

A Plan for Invalids Luncheon.
NEW YORK, N. Y., Nov. 14.—The members of
this city p. a. d. resolutions yesterday denouncing
the proposed to enact a State law compelling the removal
of all invalid chronic insane persons from the city
to the large State institutions. The resolutions
declare that the concentration of many insane
persons in one place, especially since the rural
country has been largely abandoned, is a
source of great danger to the community, and
that it is a disgrace to the city to have such
a source of danger in its midst.

The resolutions also declare that the removal
of such persons to the large State institutions
is a source of great danger to the community,
and that it is a disgrace to the city to have
such a source of danger in its midst.

Accident to a Wedding Party.
GARDEN CITY, N. Y., Nov. 13.—A party of twenty-
three persons started from this city this afternoon in
a large omnibus on their way to a wedding near West-
bury, six miles from here. The vehicle was over-
loaded, and as it was passing a sharp curve the axle
snapped, overturning the omnibus and throwing
the passengers out with great violence. The injured
are being treated at the local hospital.

RECEIVED FROM THE DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN.
BIRMINGHAM, ALA., Nov. 14.—William H. Farmer,
who for many years has conducted a large real-estate
business at Pontiac, Ill., left for his home in
Illinois yesterday. It has since been discovered that he
had been for a long time systematically embezzling money
from his business at Pontiac, Ill. He was arrested
last week at Pontiac, Ill., and is now in the
Illinois State Prison, where he is serving a term of
one year for the same offense.

Of Particular Interest to Persons of Lim-
ited Means.
To dress well is the ambition of everybody
who has any regard for his or her personal ap-
pearance, and the only way to do so is to have
the proper kind of clothing. The only way to
get the proper kind of clothing is to have it
made to order, and the only way to have it
made to order is to have it made by a
tailor who is a member of the Tailors' Union.

THE TAILORS' UNION.
The Tailors' Union of New York City is a
body of men who are engaged in the tailoring
business, and who are organized for the purpose
of protecting their interests. The union is
composed of men who are engaged in the
tailoring business, and who are organized for
the purpose of protecting their interests.

DELICIOUS BREAKFAST.
A DELICIOUS breakfast is prepared for QUARTER
WHITE OATS in 30 minutes. Ask for the
"QUARTER WHITE OATS" package.

CLIMBING UPWARD.

The Guarantee Fund Gets a Big Lift from
the Brewers.

They Promise to Subscribe Nearly
a Half Million.

"The World's" Canvassers Making
Surprising Headway.

A most encouraging boom has been given to
the World's Fair Guarantee Fund by the prom-
ised subscription of \$440,000 from the Lager-
Beer Brewers' Board of Trade, which that body
voted to subscribe at their regular meeting yester-
day.

This generous sum represents an assessment
of 10 cents on every barrel of beer sold by each
brewer during the year which ended May 1,
1899, and they furthermore promise to obtain
subscriptions from those who are not members
of the Board, and estimate their total subscrip-
tion at over half a million.

This subscription is conditional, the proviso
being that the previous sums pledged by George
Elbert, Jacob Ruppert and Bernheimer &
Schmidt, amounting, all told, to \$35,000, shall
be received.

The subscription has not yet been officially
sent in, but is, of course, as good as sent. It
will not be added to the list, however, until
formally pledged.

The amount pledged up to yesterday morning
was \$720,000. With yesterday's subscrip-
tion of \$440,000 the amount reaches \$1,160,000,
not including the brewers' subscription.

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"WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY."

HAPPY MUSICIANS. ON A HOLLY LARK.

Rejoicing at the Prospective Amendment
of the Street Music Ordinance.

There are many happy hearts to-day, made
glad by THE EVENING WORLD's announcement
that the Board of Aldermen is about to recon-
sider the resolution forbidding street musicians
from carrying on their business in New York.

The Aldermen will probably be asked to
action in the matter by representatives of the
musicians themselves.

The amendment permitting them to resume
their modest work between 9 A. M. and 8 P. M.
is entirely consistent. The conditions with re-
gard to keeping away from churches and public
schools and moving 250 feet away when re-
quested to do so are also satisfactory.

A German immigrant who worked in re-
sponse to the request of the poor fellows, who
came here and begged me to do something for
them.

"Many of them buy THE EVENING WORLD
and get their friends to read to them what they
are most interested in, and a good many of the
poor fellows have said that if they were able to
write they would thank the paper for what it
has done for them."

Just then a fine-looking young Italian entered
the room. He was broad-shouldered and had a
fine head of hair, but his left leg was lame.

He gave his name as Alexander Felosio, and
he came to inquire what were his chances of re-
suing his business.

He had been in a coal mine three years ago,
and since then has been able to do nothing but
grind an organ, at which he has managed to
make a living.

"THE EVENING WORLD spoke yesterday of the
possibility of separating families," continued
Mr. Felosio.

"I happen to know of a case where the hus-
band has been separated from his wife and
children, and since then has been able to do
nothing but grind an organ, at which he has
managed to make a living."

He had heard nothing from him since,
and the little family are in a pitiable condi-
tion. They expected to receive some money from him,
but have not heard a word. They are without
means, and there is no telling what will become
of them.

"Many people think the hand-organist's life is
an easy one, but I tell you when a man has to
log sixty pounds weight around all day it is no
easy job."

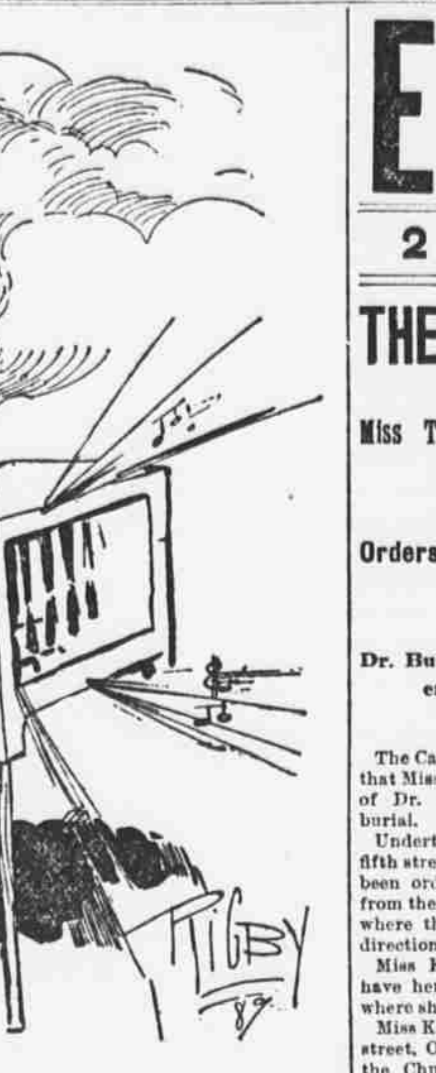
"The men are all very grateful to the Board
of Aldermen for their apparent disposition to
reconsider the ordinance."

THE ALDERMEN'S COMMITTEE, having charge of
the matter, consist of Aldermen Norris, Fitz-
simons, Storms, Sponten and Walker. They
will meet on Tuesday, and the poor organ-grinders
will probably be given the privilege they
formerly enjoyed.

Kept a Baby Thirty-three Days.
NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Nov. 14.—To get the
proper kind of clothing is to have it made to
order, and the only way to have it made to
order is to have it made by a tailor who is a
member of the Tailors' Union.

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The Guarantee Fund Gets a Big Lift from
the Brewers.



Miss Theresa Kelly's Body Cannot Be Buried in Calvary.

Orders from the Church Authorities
for Its Removal.

Dr. Burtzell's Plea for the Anti-Pov-
erty Disciple Unavailing.

The Catholic Church authorities have decided
that Miss Theresa Kelly, the friend and disciple
of Dr. McLaughlin, cannot receive Christian
burial.

Understand John Kelly, of 205 East Twenty-
fifth street, who had charge of the funeral, has
been ordered to remove the remains at once
from the receiving vault at Calvary Cemetery,
where they were temporarily deposited at the
direction of Manager Preston.

Miss Kelly's relatives make a hard fight to
have her buried in Calvary Cemetery,
where she owned a lot.

Miss Kelly died at her home, 67 East Twelfth
street, Oct. 24, and her funeral was held from
the Church of the Epiphany, Second avenue
and Twenty-first street, where a solemn high
mass of requiem was sung, at which Rev. Dr.
Burtzell officiated.

Dr. Burtzell gave a written certificate that
Miss Kelly was a good Catholic, notwithstanding
she was a member of the Anti-Poverty So-
ciety, and entitled to Christian burial, but
when Undertaker Kelly applied to the trustees
of Calvary Cemetery for a burial permit, it was
refused and the matter referred to Mr. Preston
for investigation.

In the mean time he allowed the body to be
placed in the receiving vault.

An EVENING WORLD reporter, who called at
Mr. Preston's residence last evening, was told
this morning that he was at the
Chancery office in Mulberry street.

At the Chancery office the reporter was told
by a boy to wait a few minutes and the Mon-
signor would be in.

After waiting twenty minutes another clerk
came, and the reporter's business, and on learning
he hesitated a moment, then said:

"I shall bury her," he said. "This afternoon
or to-morrow in Woodlawn."

At Dr. Burtzell's residence in East Twenty-
first street,